

prayed to us—they flattered us—they almost idolized us. They presented to our view their forlorn and destitute condition. The paralyzed commerce of our great emporium, which was apprehended by its friends, by the diversion of trade to other channels, was most graphically drawn upon the picture. The rich West with fertile fields, and the inexhaustible supplies of mineral wealth that lay embedded in the mountain regions of the Allegany, with no means of access to any market, had their appropriate place upon the canvass. Even our cupidity was appealed to. We were told that the philosopher's stone had been discovered, and that philosophers stone was *canals and railroads*, by which the golden age was to be realized in Maryland, and that a grateful people would sing loud praises to their immortal benefactors.

Did we turn a deaf ear to their entreaties? Were we indifferent to their interests? Let the increased prosperity of Baltimore and Western Maryland, and the annual knocking at our doors of the tax-gatherer, wringing from the hard earnings of our people, the means of saving the honor of the State, and paying a debt contracted exclusively for their benefit, answer the question. The mountains have been levelled—the rough places have been made smooth—railroads have been erected, expanding in every direction. No longer a sparse and meagre population inhabit our Western counties. An industrious, thriving, intelligent and patriotic people, are seen in every county. Every hill and every valley pays its tribute to the occupant, and golden harvests are yearly realized. “The depths have been broken up,” and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal has reached its Western terminus at Cumberland. The coal and the iron of the Alleganies are floating on the bosom of our Potomac, wending their way to every village, town and city of the Union, and ere long will reach the most remote cities across the Atlantic. Western Maryland has grown great by our agency and at our cost, yet refuses to acknowledge it with gratitude, if at all. How stands the account with Baltimore city, the pride and ornament of Maryland? She has grown by our care to be a great and populous city. Wealth is daily pouring into her lap from every point of the compass, by means of the natural and artificial channel, of communication she possesses. Railroads looking to the far West and penetrating the interior of the country groan under the burden of the immense wealth that is emptied into her bosom. Her commerce whitens every sea—her trade is flourishing—the mechanic arts are in the ascendant, and science and literature crown the chaplet of her glory. May her prosperity increase, and our own Baltimore become the rival city of the Universe, in all that is great and good. But how does she and Western Maryland requite us for the part we have acted towards them? The honorable gentleman from Baltimore city, (Mr. Gwinn,) says Baltimore is not at all indebted to the State for any portion of her prosperity arising from works of internal improvement. That she did all—were none. Let truthful history put him right, I shall not attempt it. Is this all? No; I wish it was. The mem-

bers from Baltimore city and Western Maryland have combined together to deprive us of that remnant of political power we have left—that power which some of us exercised at the hazard of our own destruction, doubting, yet fearing to doubt, lest our doubts might produce delay, and delay their ruin. We did act, and they are in the full fruition, whilst we bear the burden. They now seek to deprive us of that very power, the exercise of which in their behalf has made Baltimore and Western Maryland what they are. Will Baltimore and Western Maryland endorse their delegates? I hope not. I may be deceived. “*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*”

“Men change with fortune, manners change with climes,  
Tenets with book, and principles with times.”

The gentleman from Baltimore city, (Mr. Prestman,) Roderick Dhu like, has blown his whistle to summon his Highland clans to our destruction. I call upon the sons of Maryland from all parts of the State, to “rally to the rescue.”

We ask all to come in and partake—all alike. But, perhaps, our notions of propriety may differ from those of other gentlemen in the State. Who are the reformers? Where did they come from? Why, my friend on the left, (Mr. Brent,) would say his colleague, (Mr. Prestman,) is not a reformer of his stamp, because he, (Mr. Prestman,) goes in for compromising principle, and whilst he, (Mr. Brent,) under no condition of circumstances, can abandon representation according to population, in the House of Delegates, but is willing to make a compromise in the Senate. Sir, I like a man of pluck—I like a man who marches up to the music. I hope that he will do that at least.

Now, sir, who are the reformers? Why, there is one from Baltimore city, [Mr. Brent,] there are others, but who I understand had given up the idea of getting every thing they wanted, and went for compromise. Well, the gentleman, [Mr. Brent] stands alone in his glory, and he said he did not intend to compromise one iota.

Mr. GRAYSON. So far as Baltimore city is concerned.

Mr. BLAKISTONE. Well, then, we come to another gentleman from Baltimore city, [Mr. Prestman.] And these gentleman say that half a loaf is better than no bread. Therefore, there is another class of reformers. Is that all? Oh no; we have a hard bargain with them. We have a most beautiful set of reformers. There (pointing to Mr. Biser,) we have the father of this reform Convention, and my friend just at my left, [Mr. Gwinn,] and there, [pointing to him] my friend [Mr. Annan,] whom I believe I have put to sleep—no, sir, he is not asleep, he is in a deep study. And my two distinguished friends from Frederick, [Mr. Thomas and Mr. Johnson,] who, I believe, a few years ago, were running the greatest Gubernatorial race that was ever ran for a very high office under the Constitution. They were bitterly opposed to each other. No compromise then. Nothing about reform and representation according to popula-